To read his monuments, to weigh his
dust,
Visit the vaults, and dwell among the
tombs.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

HOW edifying and instructive is a walk among the graves of the silent dead! while the moon, pale Empress of the night, with silver rays, shadowy sets off the face of things, and rides with solemn majesty along the starry sky, as the late Mr. Addison beautifully expresses it:

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up her wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm

Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread this truth from pole to
pole,
"That GOD sustains and rules the
whole."

The labouring hind, the busy bee, the warbling birds, and every creature round me, now have resigned themselves to sleep, and lie inactive in her torpid arms; uninterrupted by the noise, and far removed from the nonsense of the great metropolis, here, amidst the records of departed fellow mortals, let me meditate on my own mortality, and seriously consider my latter end.

On yonder plain and humble tombstone is recorded a true memorial

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